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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

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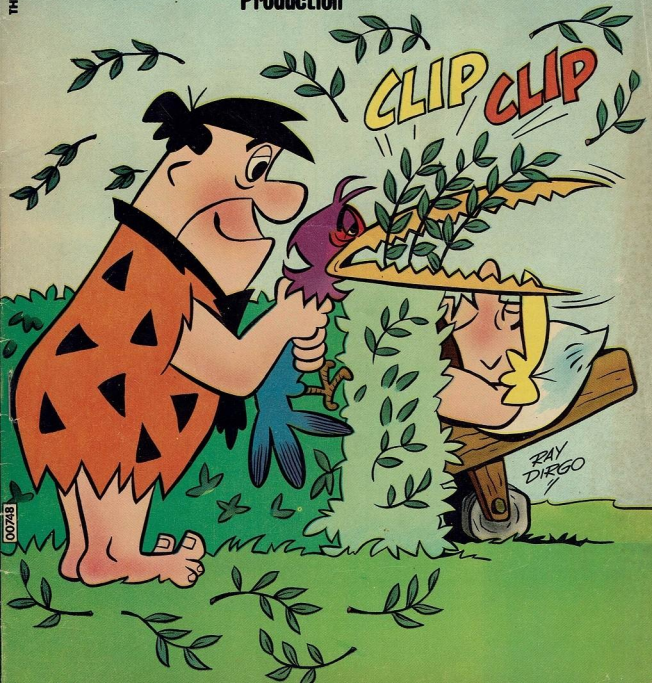
*all  
new*

**The**

# FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and **PEBBLES**  
Production

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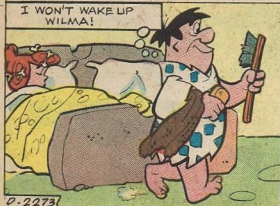
# The FLINTSTONES in

YABADABADOO! THIS IS THE DAY ME AN' BARNEY GO BIG GAME HUNTING!



## THE BIG GAME HUNTERS

I WON'T WAKE UP WILMA!



D-2273

TODAY'S OPENING DAY OF THE HUNTIN' SEASON! THERE'LL BE A LOT OF GUYS IN THE FOREST EARLY!



I HOPE YOU BRING SOMETHING BACK THIS YEAR, FRED!



NUTS!

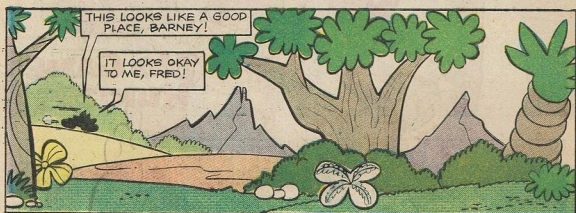


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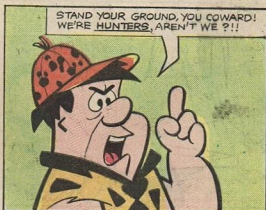
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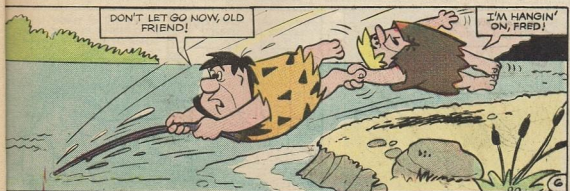
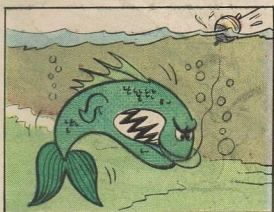








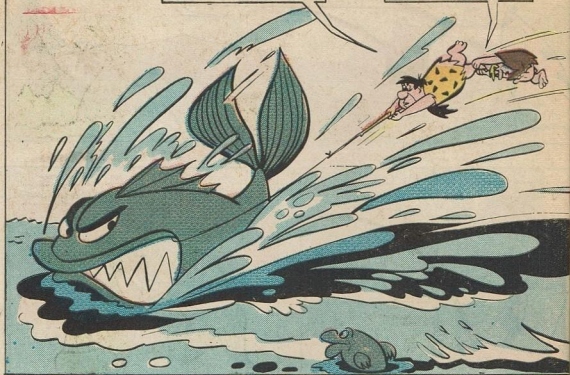






H-HOW FAR IS THIS MONSTER  
GONNA DRAG US?!!

W-WHY DON'T YOU LET  
GO OF THE POLE?



GOOD IDEA !!



**SPLASH!**



THIS JUST AIN'T OUR  
LUCKY DAY, FRED!

DON'T TALK! THERE MAY  
BE OTHER FISH LIKE THAT  
ONE IN HERE!





Hanna-Barbera  
presents:  
**THE FLINTSTONES**  
in ...

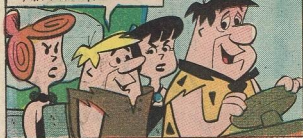
# THE LAST LAUGH!

THEY PROMISED TO TAKE US OUT FOR A BIG TIME AND NOW THEY'RE ONLY TAKING US RIDING IN BEDROCK! **PHOOEY!**



WE'VE BEEN SPLURGING TOO MUCH LATELY, GIRLS! YA GOTTA FACE FACTS!

YEAH, ME AN' FRED AIN'T RICH, Y' KNOW!



WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT BIG SPENDERS, BARNEY!

STOP NAGGING AT US, BETTY!



LOOK, WILMA...THERE'S AN AUCTION!

THEY'RE ALWAYS INTERESTING. STOP THE CAR, FRED!

YA BETTER NOT, FRED!

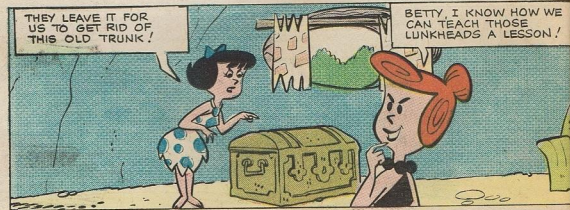
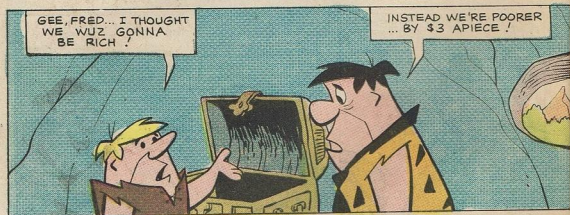






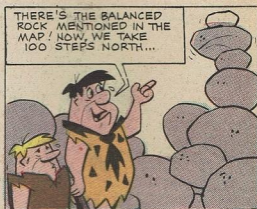
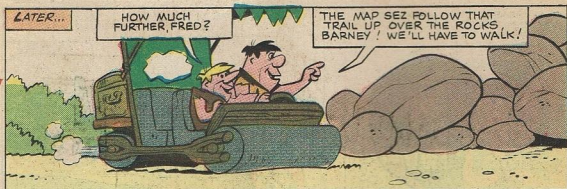
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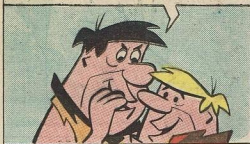








LISTEN, BARNEY, THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN!  
BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...



LATER

WE FOUND THE TREASURE EXACTLY WHERE IT WAS MARKED ON THE MAP!



B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

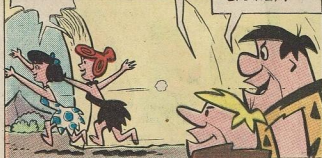
OH, YEAH? LOOK...HERE'S SOME OF THE LOOT WE FOUND BECAUSE OF THAT OLD MAP! ITS REAL MONEY!



YIPPEE!  
WE'RE RICH!

THEY'RE SURE  
EXCITED,  
FRED!

THIS TIME THE  
JOKES ON  
THEM,  
BARNEY!



WAIT'LL THEY  
FIND OUT  
WE'RE NOT  
MILLIONAIRES!  
HA HA HA HA!

THIS TIME  
WE HAVE  
THE LAST  
LAUGH!



HELP US, FRED! WE BOUGHT WONDERFUL STUFF! WE SPENT A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS ON CREDIT, NATURALLY!

IT'S MARVELOUS TO BE ABLE TO SPEND THOUSANDS AND NOT WORRY ABOUT IT!



# BONERS, MOANS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Children are sometimes very observant. I was walking up and down the aisles in order to check on the geography homework and look at the colored map of the United States that had been assigned to each student the previous day. Jimmy looked down at me. He giggled.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "Something must be funny for you to act that way."

"You are wearing a brown sock on the right foot and a black sock on the left foot," he informed me.

I looked down and sure enough, he was correct. It can happen to anyone who has socks of a different color. And gets up early in the morning. Then suddenly I replied to him in a stiff voice.

"What is unusual about that? I have at home a duplicate pair of socks with one brown and one black."

He opened his mouth to answer me. Then closed it without a single word coming out. Definitely he was trying to figure that one out. But I wasn't prepared for what he did the next day. He came to school with a paper bag. Which he opened on my desk. Took from it three pairs of socks. Yes, you guessed it. Each pair had one brown sock and one black sock.

"My dad also has pairs of stockings just like yours," he said without a smile on his face. "A very good idea."

Then he put them back into the bag and returned to his seat. He was smarter than I was! He had carried the joke one step further. Who says that kids aren't alert and have a good sense of humor?

We were talking about prayers. That people of different faiths all over the world prayed for various reasons. Alice got up and said that before she went to sleep, she would bend at the side of her bed and repeat a short prayer. Then

Jimmy said that when he went with his parents to church, he had been taught several prayers. And Frank said that when the little baby brother was very ill, everyone in the family prayed for a speedy recovery. Looked as though my lesson was going to be very successful. Ah, if my principal had only been in the room to observe me. Which he did three times every term and gave me a written report.

Janice raised her hand. I told her to rise and speak to the class. Which she did.

"I pray every time before I eat a meal at home. That is the proper thing to do."

If it had stopped there everything would have been fine. Then Tommy jumped up from his seat and began to wave his hand wildly. I told him to speak.

"In my home I don't have to pray before eating," he said very proudly. "Mother is a good cook and there is no danger of us ever getting sick from her food."

There's a moral to all of this: When teacher starts a lesson, it can't be predicted how it will end. Every term you get a student who just can drive you wild. Especially when the student has a good heart but does everything wrong. Bertram fitted into this category. Whenever I scolded him, he always had one reply: I am sorry. On Friday afternoon he lifted a flowerpot from the window box. And dropped it on the floor. With the net result of having a lot of dirt, three flowers, and several broken bits of the former flower pot all scattered on the floor. He looked at me:

"I am sorry," he again said.

"I don't care what your name is," I shouted at him. "So you are sorry." And your father is sorry. And your mother is sorry. Next time you make just even the slightest mistake, I'll send you to Zerogonia."

That must have scared him. He cleaned up the floor. Next day he brought in a new flower pot. And replanted the flowers. But still he beat me. Because this is the note he handed me:

"I will do my best to do what is right. I bought this flowerpot because it was my fault I broke the other.

**Your friend,  
Bertram Sorry."**

Let me add that his last name was Martinson. And that today he is a very successful young playwright. I go to see all his new shows. And we both have a good laugh over the incident and the note he wrote to me. Well, next time some more about the things that happen in school.

# The FLINTSTONES *in* Who said That?



SORRY, BARNEY...WILMA CALLED! WE GOT COMPANY AT HOME! CYRIL SNYDE AND HIS WIFE BROUGHT THEIR CHILD PRODIGY TO VISIT!



HE'S ALWAYS BRAGGIN' HOW HIS KID CAN DO STUFF PEBBLES CAN'T! HE BURNS ME UP!

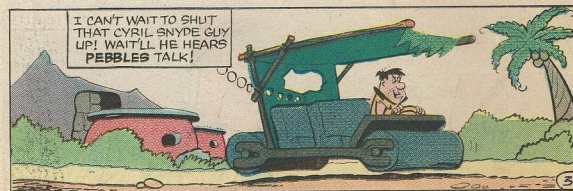
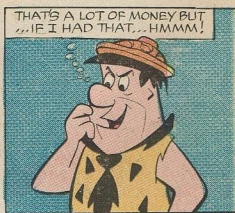


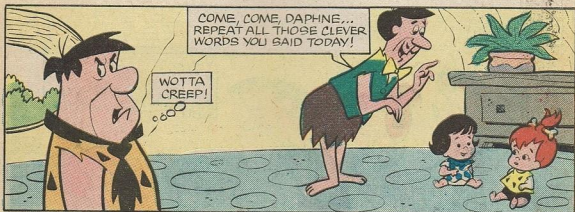
YEAH, FRED. I'LL SQUARE YOU WITH THE OTHER GUYS!



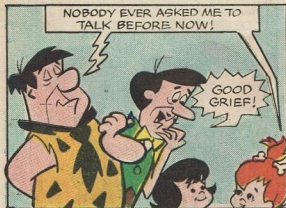












PEBBLES, YOU'RE  
AMAZING! SAY  
SOMETHING  
...ANYTHING!

HIC!

WHAT DID YOU SAY,  
DEAR?

HIC!  
HIC!

I'VE GOT  
HICCUPS  
BECAUSE THE  
VENTRILOQUIST  
BUTTON IS  
STUCK IN MY  
THROAT!

MY, LITTLE PEBBLES  
HICCUPS VERY LOUD  
FOR SUCH A SMALL  
CHILD!

HIC! HIC!!

THIS IS VERY  
STRANGE! I'M GET-  
TING FRIGHTENED!

WE'RE TAKING HER  
TO A DOCTOR  
RIGHT NOW, FRED!

YES, DEAR,  
I...HIC!

FASTER, FRED!  
FASTER!!

HIC! HIC!

WILMA DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT  
THE MAGIC BUTTON—AND THE  
DARN HICCUPS ARE GETTING  
WORSE!!





